

Smith County Church News

Fifty Years in the Ministry

No. VIII.

The first meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention I ever attended was at Nashville, Tenn., in 1878, in the old first Baptist church on Fifth Ave., now occupied by a Lutheran congregation. This was 43 years ago in May. B. H. Carroll, then a young man, preached the sermon from this text: "The regions beyond." It was an appeal for foreign missions. That was the first time I ever saw John A. Broadas. M. Y. Yates of China was there. Justin J. Fulton of New York was there. At that time the wounds of the civil war had not healed. Fulton, however, eased matters off when introduced by saying this was his second visit to Nashville and at his first visit in the sixties he received a very warm welcome on account of the color of his clothes and was now happy to receive still a warm reception as a soldier of Jesus Christ. That was a happy solution of an embarrassing situation. At that meeting L. B. Fish, the sweet singer in Israel, sang "Sweet Bye and Bye" as a solo. That was the first time I ever heard the song for the first time. It swept over the convention and swept us up to glory. We all wept tears of joy. I like a solo when I can know what is being sung. God save us from solos where the only object of the soloist is to exhibit a cultured voice. About one out of a hundred care a copper about a cultured voice—so cultured that not a word of the song is understood. At that session there was a delegation of only about 250 and the old church held the audience well. The offerings for missionaries were then quite small. The passing of these 43 years has shown a wonderful improvement. At the last session in Washington City, as I looked at the thousands of messengers and visitors, I said what a change for the better. There were 8,000 messengers present, \$90,000 the convention subscribed for Christian education, preaching the gospel to the lost at home and abroad, building homes for the orphan children, hospitals for the sick and dying and helping worn out and poor ministers of the gospel. More than 700 missionaries and workers in the foreign field with numerous hospitals, schools and writing presses all for the lifting of souls toward heaven. What the world needs is the gospel and the old time religion and any and every method legitimately used are to be commended.

I noticed in the Courier some days ago the serious sickness of J. B. Hubbard near Hoggins Creek church which reminded me that I baptized him 42 years into the fellowship of Hoggins Creek church. I was pastor two years and received for my services \$50 for the first and \$25 the second year. I baptized Lovell Carter over there and also Willie Sayles, whom I married to Jennie Carter Oct. 12, 1881, thirty-nine years ago. Willie told me a real good joke on himself regarding his marriage. He popped the question on the way to hear me preach at the church and his girl said she would answer on their return. Accordingly, just before reaching Esq. Carter's home, she said: "I answer in the affirmative." Sayles went up in the air for he said he didn't know what affirmative meant and when they reached the horse block, for everybody then rode horseback, he hitched her horse and stuck spurs to his nag and burned the wind for home to see a dictionary to learn his fate. He said a mountain load rolled off his heart when he turned to the word and found it meant yes. Afterwards Willie had a stroke of paralysis and they thought it best for him not to touch meat at all. One Sunday I was dining at his father's-in-law and a large boiled ham with large juicy slices piled on top of it was on the table. Willie was brought in on a chair to the table and of course the ham was tempting. During the meal a young cyclone hit the neighborhood and blew things in every direction. It struck Esq. Carter's house, blew the doors open and piled the chairs and everything topsy-turvy in the dining room and for a moment everything was lost sight of but the storm. Everybody at the table was taking care of himself the best he could. I happen to look at Willie who could not get away from the table and everybody else gone he had made a dive for the ham and never saw two big slices disappear so quickly. All thought it meant his death in a few hours but no harm came of it. Well, many have been the changes over there since then. Old Bro. Leroy James and wife and John Eastes, deacon, James Ligon and wife, the Bal-

lengers, Tyrees, Popes and Carters, and many others are gone. I then lived at Commerce in Wilson County, had two children and wife went with me one trip, each riding a horse and carrying a baby. That could not be done now. But those were happy and honest days and the world full of good folks. We will find them over yonder. J. T. OAKLEY.

Pastor In One Charge

For Sixty-Three Years

By George W. Gean in the Banner-Herald, Tenn., March 5.—(Special.) According to all information, the Rev. W. N. Norment of Whiteville, is in point of service, the oldest pastor in the world, having been pastor of the Whiteville congregation of the Cumberland Presbyterian church for sixty-three years in succession. Many have been the experiences of this most remarkable old divine.

When he first took charge of the congregation, the country was very scantily settled, just a house here and there to be seen. The howl of the wolf in those days was almost as common as the bark of a dog today. Today herds of sheep gently feed where then the wild deer fed in reasonable safety.

The board of elders that first called him to this pastorate have long since passed to the great beyond, leaving their mantles to be carried by their children and children's children, and they have continued to call Mr. Norment to the same charge. Many that were baptized by him in their infancy, are now bent with years and are nearing the end of the way. Many ministers that were ordained under him have already lived out their days of usefulness and have gone to their reward. Many have been the changes among the other churches of the town and community. Other pastors have come and gone, but the Rev. Mr. Norment continues to minister to his people.

Almost three score and ten years ago Mr. Norment watched the blushing bride, as she, in company with her beloved, stood before him as he said the ceremony that made her a lawful wife. Since that time he has said the same ceremony to her children and children's children.

Mr. Norment was educated at Cumberland University, Lebanon. Of his class few live today. Many years ago, Mr. Norment visited General Andrew Jackson at his home near Nashville, Tennessee, and today, he can in a most interesting way, give an account of the personal appearance and home life of the old hero of New Orleans. At that time General Jackson was a most devoted Christian man and said to Mr. Norment: "You are a great calling, young man, yes, a great calling indeed."

A few years ago when Wm. J. Bryant came to Whiteville for the purpose of delivering an address, he was introduced by Mr. Norment. Mr. Bryant said in his address: "I have talked with brother Norment, and find him to be the most remarkable old man I have ever met. Why the scenes of three score and ten years ago are told by him today with just as fresh a memory as had they occurred but yesterday."

Mr. Norment was a commissioner to the last meeting of the general assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, held at McKenzie, Tenn., in May, and delivered an address to that body. The writer was present as a commissioner to the same meeting, and heard the stirring address by the old hero of the ministry.

Mr. Norment is nearing the 100 mark. Of course, his steps are growing feeble and his eyes are somewhat dim, but he is yet able to care for himself, think for himself and gets about as actively by manner as many men at sixty. He may preach several years still.

Mr. Norment would not exchange his record for that of any king. He says: "The reason I have been able to hold my same work through these many years, is because that I have tried to preach Christ to the people."

The Sunday School at Lancaster reports an attendance of 57 March 13 at Sunday School.

Eggs For Hatching

S. C. white Leghorns. Fine laying strain. \$1.50 for 15 if mailed. \$1.25 for 15 at home. Call on Cumberland phone 52, New Middleton, exchange. J. S. BARRETT, -3-17-24. New Middleton, Tenn.

Methodists To Erect

Big School at Crossville

The establishment of a high school at Crossville for the benefit of the mountain people in that section has been undertaken by the Tennessee conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, as a special plan growing out of the Christian education movement. The school will be fully equipped to meet the needs of the community in which it is to be located.

The Tennessee conference mission board from its centenary fund has already made an appropriation of \$30,000 toward this object and \$150,000 has been put in the asking of the Tennessee conference from the \$33,000,000 fund of the Christian education movement, to be paid from this year's campaign.

The governor of the State has added his approval of the projected school by signing the act authorizing Cumberland county to appropriate \$2,500 from the county funds to aid in its establishment.

The school will be the educational center of that section, the plan being to erect branch schools from time to time in sections where the public schools are inadequate. The Crossville school will cover a full high school course and will also include vocational departments of farming, dairying, domestic science, domestic art, commercial branches and normal training for teachers and leaders. A course of Bible study and readings will be a special feature of the school and none but Christians of the highest character will be employed as teachers.

The building will be located on an eminence overlooking the Dixie Highway and will command a fine view. The school will be two and a half miles from Crossville, near the Tennessee Central railroad. The farm of 420 acres, the gift of public spirited citizens of Crossville, lies along the Big Okey river and is very fertile. It is adapted to growing berries, cherries, apples, grapes and garden vegetables and is also fine for cattle grazing.

The board of trustees are planning to begin building at an early date. The outcome of this project fostered by the Christian education movement is expected to yield far reaching results both in material advancement and spiritual uplift.

Great Revival At

Brady, Texas

(Texas Christian Advocate)

Our three weeks' revival closed last night, Feb. 20th, with the house packed to the limit. Our pastor, Brother S. C. Dunn, for three weeks preached more than an average of two sermons a day and to say he is a wonder is mildly expressing it, for you should only know what a feast we had. As the Brady Sentinel, our home paper, expressed it last week: "He is at the top in the evangelistic line." It is the opinion of the leading men and women of Brady, both of our own and other denominations, that he is second to none in preaching and directing a revival. We had something like 60 conversions and 43 gave their names for membership in the Methodist church, 33 of whom have been received and others will come in next Sunday. Many have joined other churches of the city. The town has not had such an awakening in years. At eleven o'clock Sunday morning the pastor took a collection for the Conference Assessments and it is hoped that the check for the entire amount for the year will be in the hands of the treasurer by the time this reaches the Advocate, as \$750 was subscribed in a few minutes and the rest of it is rapidly coming in. At the evening services the people gave their preacher \$325 for his hard week's work, which all feel he justly earned. During all the meeting the family altar and daily Bible reading and special service, as directed by the Education Movement, were put before the people. Our young people will organize the Epworth League next Wednesday night and a definite effort will be made in their behalf. Sunday School is growing and doing fine, and we are prayerful and hopeful. To God be all the glory, now and ever more.—Wilson D. Jordan, Supt.

Brady, Texas. March 10th, 1921.

Publishers, Carthage Courier.

Dear Sirs:—Your paper, the Carthage Courier, under date of the 3rd Inst., has just reached me, I suppose, through the kindness of my uncle, Rev. J. Lem Smotherman, of your city. Uncle held a very successful revival for me, (as I am also a Methodist preacher,) at Ozona, Texas, in the year 1909. I think, in Feb. or perhaps March, have not seen him since that time. It has pleased me very much to read of him in your paper. He is eight years and 28 days older than myself.

I am now pastor at Brady, Texas. We have a splendid church building, valued at \$60,000, and is modern thru-out. My salary is \$2,400, plus, and the plus means many good and valuable gifts, such as a free will offering for me, at the close of my recent revival which I held myself, when they gave me \$325; besides other very valuable gifts.

It is with pleasure that I send you \$1.50 for your paper one year, and at the same time I am enrolling my uncle here for a year's subscription to my home paper, the Brady Sentinel, of which I am sending you a marked copy, which was issued during my revival that recently closed. Also I enclose herewith a clipping from my Texas Christian Advocate.

Yours very truly, SIDNEY C. DUNN.

Revival Meeting

Begins Next Week

A revival meeting will begin at the Carthage Methodist church next Sunday and continue for at least ten days. The pastor, Rev. S. R. Bratcher, has been very fortunate in securing the services of Rev. Dow Ensor of Algood, who will do the preaching during the revival. Rev. Ensor is a strong preacher, full of the spirit of God, and all the people of Carthage and community are invited to join in the great work that is expected to be done during the revival. During this week prayer meetings and choir practice have been held at the church preparatory to the meeting. The song services will be in charge of Prof. W. W. Heckman, and the meeting is being looked forward to with a great deal of interest. Let every one who is interested in soul-saving pray and work for a successful revival.

Beginning next Sunday morning services will be held twice daily, morning and night.

To The Baptist Churches

Of New Salem Ass'n

T. Riley Davis, who is a member of the Conservation Committee for this association, has just received this communication from State Headquarters at Nashville, stating that Victory or Liberty Bonds would be received at their face value where the two bonds have not been clipped ahead for such pledges. Those who desire therefore to pay their pledges with Liberty or Victory Bonds have a splendid opportunity to put their bonds to good service.

In Sweet Memory.

The death angel visited the home of James Dillehay and took from them their beloved son, Lon. He leaves a mother, father, three sisters and six brothers. Weep not for him, dear ones he is waiting at the beautiful gate to bid you welcome home. He called his sisters to his bedside and told them that he was ready to go, and sang a song, I Am Going Home to Jesus. Weep not for him, Hershall, for he is only asleep and waiting on the beautiful shore for you. His brothers are heart-broken to know they are not to be with him on earth no more, but will meet him with the sweet angel band. God saw best to take this young man home to live with Him. Why should such a flower be taken from us? There is a vacant chair this cruel world can never fill. We would say to his loved ones, weep not, for he is only sleeping. Mother and father, grieve not for your loved one, some day it will be so sweet to meet him in that beautiful place. This young man was engaged to be married the 4th Sunday in May. We would say to his companion, meet with your lover to part no more. Tis sad and it hurts us to give our darling one up, but we will meet him some sweet day.

A FRIEND

IN MEMORY

On Feb. 13, 1921, the death angel visited the home of Winston Vaden and took away his beloved mother, Mrs. Mattie Vaden. She was a good and faithful mother to her children. She was 62 years, 3 months and two days of age and was loved by all who knew her. She leaves six children, a brother and sister, and a host of friends and relatives to mourn her going away. She has gone on to the bright mansion above to her husband where there is no sad parting. She will be sadly missed by all who knew her. We cannot understand why God saw fit to take her but that blessed Book tells us that we'll understand it better by and by. The funeral services were conducted at the Caney Fork Baptist church by H. C. Adkins and the remains were laid to rest in the family graveyard at P. L. Vaden's. A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is still, A chair is vacant in our home Which never can be filled.

By one who loved her, MATTIE LEONA VADEN.

In Memory

On the evening of Feb. 15, 1921, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Josh Shoemaker was overshadowed with sorrow when the soul of their loving daughter, Neva, took its flight and left her body cold and lifeless in death. Neva suffered the horrors of death until God in His wisdom called her spirit out of this world of suffering to live with Him. Neva was a sweet girl and loved by all who knew her. We cannot understand why one in the very bloom of life, surrounded by love and happiness, without a thought of sorrow, should be taken from us. She leaves a father, mother and two sisters, besides a host of relatives and friends to mourn her going away. But I would say to the loved ones that there is only one way to go in this dark hour of sorrow and God help you to realize that there is only one way to live if you expect to see dear Neva again and that is to live for God. Neva is sadly missed in school and everywhere else for she made friends everywhere she went. Many friends came from far and near to pay the last tribute of respect to this dear girl and to look once more on the face that would never welcome them into the home from which she was taken.

How sad and lonely are the moments at her home.

Her schoolmate, NETTIE MASSEY.

Gone But Not Forgotten

Wirt T. Hughes was born July 23, 1893 and died Feb. 8, 1921, age 27 years, 7 months and 8 days. He suffered about a year with tuberculosis. He went to Colorado for his health but did not get any better and God saw fit to take him home to a better world. His life was short, but so glad he is at rest. He was one of the dear sol-

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for freedom, and in battle he went over the top three times. We were sorry to give him up but God knew best. He leaves a broken-hearted father and mother, four brothers and five sisters and a host of friends to mourn his going away. May the Lord be with his parents and brothers and sisters and prepare them to meet him. He was a good boy and always met his many friends with a smile. He was a flower plucked here to bloom in heaven. Parents, be patient to the end and be ready to meet him in heaven. He will be sadly missed in the home and there is a vacant chair that can never be filled, but I am sure heaven has been made brighter by his entrance there. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. L. Smotherman in the presence of a large gathering of sorrowing friends. Farewell, Wirt, farewell, we have said our last farewell till we meet again beyond the river. A precious one from us has gone; a voice you loved is still, a place is vacant in your home that can never be filled. Evening shadows are falling and you are sitting all alone, in your heart comes a longing to see him in that heavenly home.

YUBY DAM, U. S. A.

FLATTERY

I sometime bid for popularity. Gad up and down the streets of Yuby Dam and chat all day in a flattering way. Folks like flattery so I spread it on thick from head to foot as thick as butter on country bread. Doesn't matter where they have bobbed up from. How little potato they are. How badly run down at the heel or whether the Good Lord has done anything for them or not. However small they maybe, I make them think they are some persimmon on the tree. I pelt them with bouquets. Knock them down with pinks and posies. Bruise and beat them with old fashioned roses.

If I meet some little miss fixing to

bloom out with a wart on her nose and freckles so thick that paint won't do the trick. One ugly as the devil's grin or homemade sin. I call her a peach, a second Cleopatra, a pretty little elf, going out to break hearts both right and left. If it is some little pinhead that has been to school, joggling through the classes with the Sophomores and Juniors, and came out joggling with an empty noggin and is now trying to make hits by aping the wits, I will call him a clever villain that won't fail in a million. One that will play a brilliant part and make a mark. I shake hands with desperadoes, dudes and Jelly beans and tell them I am glad to have them around.

And so I proceed with a smile that won't wear off, never think of leaving from early morn till noon, from noon till dewy evening. The next day when the straw vote is polled, my majority has rolled. I get every woman and man, sweep stakes in Yuby Dam. I am the most popular guy south of the sky. A rarity. The big sheep of the Southdown variety. A heap big Injun.

—Billtown Whizzer.

The flatterer, SLICKER SNAKE.

LOST

Monday night on T. C. Train or at Brush Creek or on pike leading to New Middleton 1 black and gold silk handbag, containing pair gray silk gloves, lined, 1 pair gold rimmed glasses, a small purse with Alexandria Bank written thereon, containing \$5.80 and other accessories. Please return to

MRS. WILLARD MARKS, 2105 8th Ave., South, Nashville, Tenn. Reward.

Fifty men have agreed to join a proposed aero unit of the Indiana National Guard at a meeting of Wash, Ind. Post of the American Legion. The Legionnaires hope to practice with ten airplanes soon.



Beauty or Abundance?

Which is more important to the farmer, a strain that produces beautiful individual specimens or one that gives an abundant yield of consistent good quality? Do you want blue ribbons—or bushels per acre? A new way of judging farm produce is described in

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

A. R. Rice tells of agricultural exhibits where corn, for example, is judged on its germinating and producing qualities—not on its good looks. It sounds like a sane idea.

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